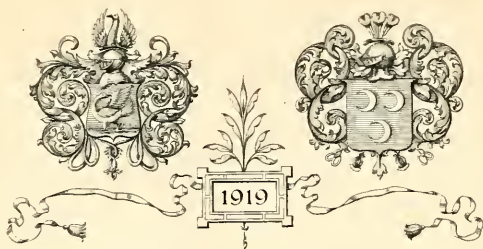


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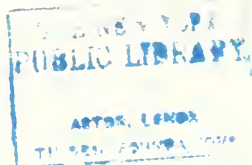
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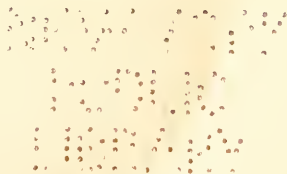


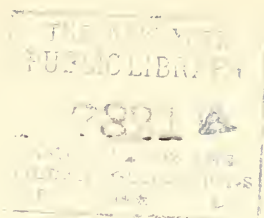


# LUCY MOODY ROGERS-HARRIS.

BORN SEPTEMBER 13, 1829.

DIED DECEMBER 11, 1898.





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*(From the Albany Argus, Monday, December 12, 1898.)*

DIED.

HARRIS — Sunday morning, Dec. 11, 1898, Lucy M. Rogers, wife of Hamilton Harris, in the 70th year of her age.

Funeral from her late residence, 722 Broadway, Wednesday, at 2 P. M.

*(From the Albany Evening Journal, Monday, December 12, 1898.)*

### MRS. HAMILTON HARRIS.

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Died on Sunday morning, December 11th, 1898, at her residence in Albany, Lucy M., wife of Hamilton Harris, and daughter of the late Nathaniel Rogers, of Buffalo, in the seventieth year of her age. After the loss of her daughter, not quite two years ago, her sprightliness ceased and her strength began gradually to fail, which rendered her unable to resist an attack of pneumonia, to which she yielded after a struggle of six days. Thus this estimable and lovely Christian lady has gone to her reward, leaving a large circle of relatives and friends to greatly mourn and miss her.

Mrs. Harris was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1829. She came from a godly race. She early displayed graces of piety and united with the church, to which she was ever after most devotedly attached. Her piety controlled her conduct through life and ripened into the sweetest and loveliest of Christian characters. She was married in 1850 and came to the old homestead, No. 722 Broadway, where she passed the whole of her happy

married life. She had two children, Frederick Harris and the late Mrs. Selwyn Russell. She was deeply affected by the death of the latter and never became reconciled to the loss. Her love for the daughter was given to her grandchildren, upon whom she bestowed the boundless love and devotion of her warm heart.

Mrs. Harris' love for her home was ardent and the affection which she lavished on her family was inexhaustible. Her gentle, unassuming, tender and lovable ways lighted up her household and won and kept to the last the love and devotion of her husband, children and grandchildren. Rarely has there been displayed such genuine disinterestedness as she always manifested. Selfishness was foreign to her nature. Instinctively she sacrificed her own comfort for the comfort and happiness of those around her. Her generosity was unbounded. She was constantly giving. She was kind and lovely to every one and in sympathizing with and doing for others, she was continually wearying herself. Her life was full of gracious and kindly deeds. Incapable of injuring any one, she did nothing but good — always trying to lighten the burden and brighten the lot of others.

Mrs. Harris was a highly accomplished woman. Her love for music was intense, and she had great musical talent, with a naturally refined and highly cultivated taste. She was the possessor of a pure, sweet voice, which had been carefully trained, and she was an uncommonly fine

pianist. She loved dearly to sing and play, and continued the practice to the last. She played with rare skill and sang charmingly. Her singing of sacred music was the heart's utterance in devotion. To hear her was always a never-ceasing delight.

Mrs Harris was graceful in carriage, handsome in person, and her features were lovely and attractive. Her enjoyment of life, with her cheerful temperament, kept her to the last youthful in feeling and appearance. Her manners were charming and her sweet, sunny disposition showed the refinement and delicacy of a beautiful soul. Her deep religious convictions, with her joyful views of life, both here and beyond, which neither lapse of years nor change of circumstances could alter or relax, rendered her always interesting and attractive.

In losing her the world has lost one of the sweetest, most loving and lovable of women.

*(From the Journal's Editorial Column, Monday, December 12, 1898.)*

In the death of Mrs. Hamilton Harris, the society of Albany suffers irreparable loss. The death of her daughter, about two years ago, caused a shock from which she never recovered, and when she suffered an attack of pneumonia she was unable to resist the onslaught of that dread disease. A gentle, loving, Christian character has passed from us — a wife who embodied all the virtues of her sex — a mother whose devotion to her family made a picture of such beauty, it will always be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be able to gaze upon it. The sympathy of the whole community goes out to the stricken husband and son, whose loss never can be repaired on this side of the grave.

*(From the Argus Editorial Column, Tuesday, December 13, 1898.)*

### MRS. HAMILTON HARRIS.

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Believing in immortality of the soul — regarding death as the foreshadowing of eternal life, that we die that we may die no more — sorrow for the departure of friends should not be inconsolable; our deepest sympathy should be with the bereaved survivors. The sympathy with a bereaved husband was most feelingly expressed by Lamartine when he said: “The death of a man’s wife is like cutting down an oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the widower’s heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered; as if one wing of his angel were broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground.” The death of Mrs. Hamilton Harris, after forty-eight years of happy married life, is such a separation as Lamartine described, and every friend of her honored husband will sorrowfully condole with him in his irreparable loss.



*(From the Press and Knickerbocker Editorial Column, Tuesday, December 13, 1893.)*

### MRS. HAMILTON HARRIS.

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Thousands of Albanians join in expressions of regret at the passing away on Sunday of Mrs. Hamilton Harris, the wife of one of the most prominent lawyers in the city. Mrs. Harris' life, in direct contradiction to that which made her husband famous, was spent at her home, where those who were fortunate enough to enjoy her acquaintance and friendship, enjoyed a boon which few are fortunate enough to possess. All who knew Mrs. Harris commiserate with Mr. Harris in a loss which they know is an irreparable one.

Mrs. Harris was the daughter of the late Nathaniel Rogers, of Buffalo, and, at the time of her death, was seventy years old. She was born in Portsmouth, N. H., was married in 1850, and came to the Harris homestead in Albany, at No. 722 Broadway, immediately afterward. There she spent the remainder of her happy married life.

*(From the Albany Evening Journal, Wednesday, December 14, 1898.)*

## A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE MRS. HARRIS.

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Death again has invaded the home of our esteemed townsman, Hamilton Harris, and taken from its midst one who has been for nearly fifty years the partner of his joys and sorrows. The light of that home has gone out, but there remains a rich and fragrant memory, that of a truly noble womanhood. Her relations in her home life were ideal as wife and mother. She was always an inspiration to her friends. The poor and needy will miss her acts of kindness and loving words of sympathy. Her hands were ever outstretched to help those less fortunate than herself, her highest aim being to contribute to the happiness of others and to do good. For such a life spent on earth, there must be a bounteous reward in Heaven and our loss can be but her gain.

*(From the Milwaukee Sentinel, December 16, 1898.)*

MRS. HAMILTON HARRIS.

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The announcement in the *The Sentinel* of the 12th inst. of the death of Mrs. Hamilton Harris at her home in Albany, N. Y., was a painful surprise to her friends in this city. To those who knew and admired her in earlier days, and to all who, during her visit with Mrs. S. D. Vose and other relatives in Milwaukee a few years since, were so fortunate as to meet her and feel the charm of her presence and conversation, the news meant not only the ending of a beautiful life, but the personal loss of a dear and valued friend.

Mrs. Harris possessed in a high degree those qualities and traits of character which always win love and confidence, and they made her life a benediction to all who came within the sphere of its influence. She was warmly affectionate and genuinely sincere, was of rare culture of mind and heart, had refined tastes, ardently loved and was skilled in the interpretation of music, was attractive and admired for her many social graces, was the idol of her home and family and the worthy and helpful companion

of her distinguished husband throughout his career in professional and public life, and always sustained a devout and earnest Christian character.

Her memory will abide in the hearts of those who knew her worth, while life lasts.

J. S.

At the Trial Term of the Supreme Court, held at the city of Albany, December 14, 1898, Justice Alden Chester, presiding, said, in directing an adjournment at 11 o'clock A. M.:

“ Because of sincere sympathy for the Honorable Hamilton Harris, one of the oldest and most respected members of the Albany County Bar, in the death of his esteemed wife, Lucy Rogers Harris, and to enable the justice, the counsel engaged in the case on trial and others connected with the court to pay respect to her memory by attending her funeral, I will direct that an adjournment be now taken until three o'clock so that the court will not be sitting during the hour appointed for the funeral.”

JAMES M. BORTHWICK,  
*Clerk.*

## REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL.

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BY REV. DR. DAVID O. MEARS.

There is probably not one in this large company but has crossed this threshold a mourner. Doubtless there is not one but has been blessed by receiving the welcome of her whose lips are now silent; all of whom, in days past, have gone forth from this home with better lives.

Yet, saying this, none of us can measure the extent of the sorrow that has come to this home made so precious by her beautiful spirit. While we speak of our love, we cannot enter into the deepest sadness that these mourning hearts of this home so truly know. Alone these hearts must know their own grief.

In fact, love is the cost of grief. Where there is no love there is never grief. We never grieve for those we do not love. And the purer the love the heavier the grief always. Love needs no eulogy; it makes its own unconsciously. The beautiful life in all these years from her girlhood has been making impressions that will outlast the generation; and little children, knowing her kind words

and loving deeds, will not let her life pass into the unknown. She has made her own loving remembrance all through the city. She will not be forgotten.

It might seem most appropriate to sit together in silent thought in the silent presence of her whose kind heart has so often given us welcome; but such a silence would be almost ungrateful in ourselves who owe so much to her loving friendship. Silence is golden; yet even words are sometimes helpful. True, the choicest words here would be as juiceless as the husk containing the corn, in attempting any description of a character like hers. What expression could approach in value the tender, beautiful life that in its sway over this loving home for forty-nine years has never spoken an unpleasant, fretful word! How marvellously such a fact reveals her wonderful heart! What language could begin to compare with the reality of a character that has never knowingly allowed a selfish motive to actuate her life! They who knew her best are compelled to give this tribute to her home life; and every heart outside is sure of its truth.

Above and beyond all was her strong religious faith. She knew whom she had believed. Nothing was allowed to come between her soul and her Saviour. Had she lived in times of martyrdom, she would have been ready to suffer to the utmost; but living in times of peace her mission was that of a messenger of mercy. Through all her life she has been a blessing to those needing help and sym-

pathy. It seems strange even in this silence, that her lips that have so often been a blessing are still; but the memories of her deeds remain.

For the past two years this strong religious faith has been evident in all her sufferings. When the daughter of her love was taken from her, it seemed as though the rushing blow had come. Their lives had been so closely woven together that the terrible separation made everything dark. The loving mother was prostrated; yet the serenity of her faith was never ruffled. Her faith shone in her sufferings. She gradually grew weaker under the dreadful strain until now it seems as though the weary loving mother had sunk to rest in the presence of her idolized child. And yet not for an instant did she forget the loved ones spared to her thoughtful care — the companion of these many years, the son of her affection, the grandchildren whom she cared for so tenderly — all these knew the gentle ministrations of her heart and hands. She was serving the living with all her strength, while bearing the burden of a grief that was hastening the end.

We repeat, such a life needs no praise; it is its own best eulogy. All through her helpful life she has been making what forgetfulness will not erase. Unconsciously to herself she has been making the place in which memory will enshrine her. Our words are not needed for her sake; this brief utterance in this solemn hour is only a poor expression of the gratitude we feel for having had such a



friend. The city is poorer for her departure. It rests with the living to take up the work she left so far as we have power; to see that those to whom she was so great a blessing may still be remembered in ministries so well begun and so faithfully carried out by her loving service.

Only two weeks ago, during the session of our Bible School, the rich tones of a voice during the service of song gave unmistakable assurance of her presence even to those who had not as yet seen her enter. The singer was like her song; and who has ever sung like her! With her nearly seventy years, the notes were perfect in breadth and sweetness. Music in all its depths and heights was the fitting expression of her heart. Through her whole life, in all its varied experiences and emotions, in devout aspirations, under sorrows of crushing weight, under weariness almost of pain, her rest has largely come through music. And now her everlasting rest has begun in the blissful world where the unnumbered multitudes never cease their worship in the song of Moses and the Lamb. There we leave her, while between our vision and its sacred joys, clouds keep us under the darkness except for faith and the immortal life.

After these all too inadequate words we realize how golden silence is. In the memory of what our dear friend has been to each of us, we bend in silent grief together and seek the comfort our Father alone can give.

## BY REV. DR. WALLACE BUTTRICK.

One shrinks from speaking at such a time as this. It is not possible to express in any adequate way the sorrow we all feel, much less to interpret and express the sorrow of this household, so suddenly and so sorely stricken. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness and a stranger intermeddleth not therewith." Nor is it possible to give fitting utterance to our estimate of the character of our dear friend whom God has called to be with Himself. And yet I wish to say a few words in her honor.

I think of Mrs. Harris as one who always exemplified and adorned that teaching of our Lord when He said of Himself: "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister." The spirit of service was controlling in her life. Wherever you saw her she was in some way, small or large, blessing others. If you chanced to be with her at some social function, you could not fail to mark how she sought out the strangers, with rare tact and indeed with transparent genuineness making them feel that it was a pleasure to know them, and that their presence contributed to her own joy and happiness. She was not absorbed with thoughts of how to be happy herself, but of how to make others happy. She had learned that great secret of true blessedness, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I almost dare to think that in this characteristic we discover the secret of her life. Whether in the home, or in society, or in the large places of responsibility which she

filled, her life was ever saying to us, "I am among you as one that serveth." And this is truest discipleship of Christ, this is that spirit of Christ without which we are none of His. For this quality we loved and honored her; because it was hers we miss her and mourn her loss; because she thus shared the spirit of her Divine Master we know that there hath been ministered unto her the abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

ALBANY, N. Y., *Dec.* 15, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. HARRIS. — In response to your kind request I have tried to write out the address made without notes at the services of yesterday. There may be some difference in expression, possibly, here and there, but the thoughts are the same, and for the most part I think the words are the same.

Now that this copying the address is finished, let me tell you of the wonderful testimony given in the service by the large numbers of neighbors and friends in attendance. The high character of those present was a testimony to her worth. Without the slightest formality or ceremony, the attitude of mourners was universally evident. Before and after the service, the same deeply felt personal loss was shown in the breathless stillness and sadness of demeanor. All mockery of mourning was absent. It was a company drawn together by a deep personal bereavement.

Then again, we all realized the power of the home. Who ever came there without a welcome! What heart ever beat more in sympathy with every good work! Judging from my own experience and from what others have said, no one ever came into that beautiful home with-

out going away with a lighter heart. What yourselves as a family found so true, was true of the friends who are a multitude, except, of course, in a different degree. Even they who came to see her in her heavy sorrow came away themselves comforted. Amid all her heaviness of heart she was an inspiration to others. People on the street have remarked to me that her place can never be filled in the community. Men of business tell me no one knows how useful and helpful she has been. Many a plain home has lost its best friend.

A beautiful memory is as sacred as the life. Your heavy loss is irreparable, yet the measure of the loss indicates her real worth. It is yours to know by sad experience that "the memory of the just is blessed." "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." She is not dead. Her immortal being has left its tabernacle of flesh, but she still lives.

Death has not changed her heart. She loves you all as truly as ever. "Love never faileth." Parents and companions and children remember those who are left behind to pass through the waters they have experienced. It is my belief that they love us more than it is possible for us to love even them. The sainted mother cannot love her child less. The sainted daughter cannot forget for an instant the grieving parent whose tears by day and night reveal the lonely life without her. We have not lost them; they have only gone before.

Trusting that you will find comfort in your heavy sorrow from the Great Comforter, compared with whom these earthly sympathies are very weak, I remain as ever,

Sincerely yours,

DAVID O. MEARS.

STAMFORD, *December 16, 1898.*

DEAR HAMILTON. — Even in the most poignant grief I have been reviewing dear sister Lucy's life, and I feel that she has been taken in the midst of her usefulness with eye still bright; voice having lost none of its sweet tones and with intellect as vigorous as ever, from this life into glorious immortality.

Being the youngest of four sisters, perhaps I can the better testify to the worth of this precious one than either of the others. I remember when quite young, at the death of father, when the mother's voice, so filled with grief, could not be trusted, our dear Lucy gathered the children around the "Throne of Grace" and poured out her soul in supplication for those who were so in need of a parent's care. From the time when she was sixteen years old, when her father, being away from home, wrote in one of his letters, "Tell Lucy and Lizzie not to forget the prayer meeting," until forty-eight years of her married life, her character was one long chain of amiability, generosity and charity, not only toward those of her own family, but for all whom she knew. Although one of her age could not go through life without some of its wear and tear, her spirit was so gentle that she never gave way to fatigue or

petulance. Wherever she was, however employed, her soothing influence seemed to fill the whole atmosphere that surrounded her. Although we know she is glorified, and far beyond the corroding cares of this life, it seems almost as if she could not be happy, unless God makes her one of His active angels, to hover about those who beseech Him for comfort and support.

The quartette circle of sisters is broken, but with such a pattern before us we will try to emulate her example and follow in the path through which she led us that we may meet her again, for we feel that it can be as truly said of her as it was of Paul, she fought the good fight, she finished her course, she kept the faith. A. H. C.

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ALBANY, *December 17, 1898.*

DEAR UNCLE HAMILTON. — The fulness of my heart must find an outlet in some expressions of tribute to dear Aunt Lucy — one of the sweetest and most responsive women this world has ever known. Those of us among her relatives who are young, and to whom her life has ever been an inspiration and her example the highest kind of influence, are not among the least of those who mourn her; her memory will forever be enshrined in our hearts, a pure and precious treasure. To me she was more like a mother than an aunt. How many times, in sweetest tones, did she not call me her “other child,” and with tender sym-



pathy enter into all my joys and sorrows? Although the sorrows of the past two years had, for her, robbed life of so much sweetness, she never turned a deaf ear toward those who confided in her; her beautiful eyes sparkled with pleasure if you told her of your satisfaction, or were dimmed with tears if you were depressed; the tender clasp of her hand, the sweet warm kiss she gave you, made you leave her presence, knowing that while she lived the world still held one who would always take the warmest interest in your welfare. I, who have known her all my life, and who, for the last few years, have had the blessed privilege of being very much with her, can never forget her or cease to go over and over her acts of unceasing kindness, her words of love and sympathy. In all her life there was never one note of selfishness; the wish to do some sweet act for her family, her relatives, her friends, was always uppermost; even in her last hours, when distress and weakness lay heavy upon her, she lay in silent patience, taking what was given her, never asking if more might not be done, or speaking one querulous word; passing to the God who had sent her just as she had lived, hopeful and strong in the faith, while on her countenance there remained for us who watched, the most beautiful smile I have ever seen on the face of the dead. H. P. T. V.

MILWAUKEE, *Dec.* 31, 1898.

MY DEAR UNCLE HAMILTON. — During my brief stay in Albany it seemed impossible for me to convey to you my deep sorrow because of your sore affliction. I know there are no words to mitigate such grief as yours, but it would be a personal satisfaction to me now to express my heartfelt sympathy for you and Fred in the great loss you have sustained. To me Aunt Lucy was the embodiment of all that is pure, noble and kind. As a child, won by her affectionate interest in all my youthful undertakings, I learned to look up to and respect her, and an attachment was then kindled which, in later years, ripened, on her part, into a sympathy and encouragement which few in this world know how to bestow, and served, on mine, to strengthen the love and admiration so early acquired. Musically, no one was ever more satisfying to me than she. In her the love of music was inborn — a love which she cultivated until it “fed her soul,” as she frequently said; and whether she sang or played, it was always from the heart, and one felt instinctively that she made her art but the medium through which to express her own sweet nature. On more than one occasion, and scarcely more than a year ago, I was aroused from reading by the sound of her voice or the unmistakable touch of her fingers upon the keys of the piano or the organ, and from that moment I was charmed from all occupation save that of listening to the melodious tones.

I lack space to enumerate a tithe of her many acts of kindness and words of cheer that have come even to my observation; for opportunities of doing good, that would oftentimes pass unheeded by others, were never slighted by her, while her benefactions to those in humble circumstances were made with a gentle consideration that could never wound nor offend.

Womanly and dignified, Aunt Lucy was none the less sweet and unassuming. Her character had been moulded by an unswerving Christian faith that was an inspiration to the faltering, and those who knew her best can testify that she was always happiest in the Master's service. The influence of such a life can never be wholly lost to those whose privilege it has been to come in contact with it. To me, Aunt Lucy was inexpressibly dear and helpful, and I shall ever hold her in tender and loving remembrance.

Yours in sincerest sympathy,

E. V.

NEW YORK, *Dec. 29, 1898.*

MY DEAR MR. HARRIS. — Since learning of the death of Mrs. Harris I have hesitated to write you. What can I say? I was shocked at the sad news. I could hardly believe it, for I had just seen her, as it were, in good health; and her words to me were fresh-sounding in my ears. With a personality at once unique and striking, cultured, refined, strung like an Æolian, delicate in organization as a camellia, womanly in every instinct, just in every judgment, humane in every impulse, a warm lover of the beautiful in nature and art, every one loved and admired her who knew her. How poor my words to draw a true portraiture of what she was and did as wife and mother, as Christian and friend.

Please accept my warmest sympathy.

With high esteem,

Yours very cordially,

F. R. MORSE.

ALBANY, *Dec.* 12, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. HARRIS. — Will you accept from Mrs. Lansing and me the assurance of our most sincere sympathy in your very great sorrow.

We were both warm admirers of Mrs. Harris, whose kindly nature, strong character and rare abilities drew to her our highest admiration and kindest regard.

Our city suffers, in her death, a heavy loss. Her enterprising and intelligent public spirit and energetic nature, and her valuable counsels will be greatly missed in many of its best and most useful undertakings.

Sincerely yours,

ABRAHAM LANSING.

EXTRACTS FROM A FEW OF THE MANY LET-  
TERS RECEIVED.

[From Rev. Dr. Van Santvoord.]

KINGSTON, *December 13, 1898.*

MY DEAR MR. HARRIS. — \* \* \* The intelligence of Mrs. Harris' death, which reached me only to-day, was as unexpected as it was saddening. Though my acquaintance with her has not extended over many years, it was long enough to enable me to know well and esteem highly her exalted worth and the unostentatious graces which adorned her character and life. To her own family and her life companion especially, who knew her most intimately, this beautiful life must have been a constant inspiration and joy, as the sudden ending of it is a loss to them and a sorrow whose extent no one outside this circle can fully know. \* \* \*

Yours sincerely,

C. VAN SANTVOORD.

[From Rev. Dr. Foster.]

NEWARK, N. J., *December 14, 1898.*

MY DEAR MR. HARRIS. — \* \* \* I knew that Mrs. Harris' health had not been vigorous for some time past, but hoped that she was gradually improving, and instead of that the Lord was preparing to take her to the better home. It is a blessed change for her, but oh, how much she will be missed.

Her gracious personality and kindly spirit will always be among the sweetest memories of my Albany life.

Many were the times when she cheered me with her encouraging words, and the last interview I ever had with her afforded a most touching illustration of the delicate thoughtfulness which was so characteristic of her. I was on my way to make a call at your home, when I met her on the street and we stopped for a moment's chat. She was broken down with her great sorrow, spoke a few words about it, then said good-bye, but before she had taken a dozen steps she turned about and called me back to her just to express her generous appreciation of some remarks I had made at Mr. Thomson's funeral. \* \* \*

With best regards,

Yours most sincerely,

ALBERT FOSTER.

[From Rev. Dr. Fulton.]

SOMERVILLE, MASS., *December 15, 1898.*

MY DEAR MR. HARRIS. — \* \* \* Your wife was my beau ideal of a woman. Your home has been my model. You must be very rich in the thought of what you have done for her and what she did for you. How she sang, played and practiced that she might fill out in every way the highest conception of a magnificent woman. How well I remember her as she came into our Boston home and brought with her the radiance of a wonderful friendship. How glad she made us all. She loved Boston and made us all love it more than ever. \* \* \*

Believe me yours,

JUSTIN D. FULTON.

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BOSTON, *December 15, 1898.*

\* \* \* From my earliest childhood Mrs. Harris has been always a friend whom I have respected, admired and loved. Now that she is at rest no panegyric, however glowing, could exaggerate her many virtues. With a character of gold and a mind without one thought of self, her memory will be perpetually enshrined in the affections of all who were privileged to know her. \* \* \*

G. B. V. S.



ALBANY, *December 16, 1898.*

\* \* \* How calmly and beautifully Mrs. Harris took up her life again after dear Lulie's death, by taking the two little grandchildren into her own sheltering arms. She was good and lovely to the last. \* \* \* M. T.

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NEW YORK, *December 20, 1898.*

\* \* \* Everybody loved Mrs. Harris; she had such pleasant ways and was so kind and true. Many, very many, will be the heart monuments erected in her beloved memory. \* \* \* L. S. B.

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NEW ROCHELLE, *December 15, 1898.*

\* \* \* Through all my life I never met any one who so quickly won my love and respect as Mrs. Harris did by her charming personality and the beautiful soul shining through it. I feel that I have enjoyed a very great privilege in having been allowed to know her and be with her for even so short a time, and her example of bright, sweet, Christian womanhood will remain with me all my life long. \* \* \* L. M. D. B.

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ALBANY, *December 15, 1898.*

\* \* \* My earliest recollections are connected with Lucy — to me always a perfect type of womanhood, so far

above me and everything that I could only worship her from afar — never attaining to anything like her. I could never be indifferent to the days in which we were so much together, and always look back to them with pleasure. What a mystery it all is! If we could only live as Lucy did what a satisfaction it would be, for “Why should we call it dying — this beautiful going away.” S. F.

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ALBANY, *December 14, 1898.*

\* \* \* I really loved Mrs. Harris; our intercourse for many years past when we had met intimately in a musical way, has always been most delightful and cordial; and I shall miss her very much as the years go on. You will have the comfort, however, of looking back on your many years of happiness together, and forward to an eternity of happiness in the life beyond. \* \* \* S. R. T.

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NEW YORK, *December 13, 1898.*

\* \* \* You have our deep sympathy begotten of a sense of personal loss. Mrs. Harris had a truly great soul. She was a noble woman; a benediction to the pure homes of any city. \* \* \* E. H. R.

ALBANY, *December 12, 1898.*

MY DEAR FRED. — \* \* \* It has been my good fortune to know your mother for so long and in such a way as to lead me to imagine, if not to know, what a blessing and privilege it must have been for you to have had for so long a time the great privilege of calling her by that great name "Mother." \* \* \*

F. E. W.

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NEW YORK, *December 15, 1898.*

\* \* \* Lucy's personality — so attractive, the magnetism of her voice, her laugh and her manner so charming to those who shared her life in social gatherings; so thoughtful, kindly and considerate in the more intimate relations of home and friendship, with a good word for all, and a hand ever open to relieve poverty or distress — she has carried with her to that "vast realm of silence which men call death" a record of good deeds and pleasant words. \* \* \* Lucy's passing away has come to me with a shock of a fresh sorrow. I cannot realize that I shall never see her dear, bright face again. Dear Lucy, farewell! but not, in God's mercy, forever. \* \* \*

H. L. R.

BOSTON, *December* 16, 1898.

\* \* \* I cannot tell you what a shock it was to me to learn of Mrs. Harris' death. It seems but yesterday she said in her sweet, winning manner, "The latch string is always out for Grace." She was indeed an extraordinary woman. I have spoken of her so many times since my return, and always of her remarkable attractiveness and her rare conversational gifts. She will always remain in my memory like some old portrait of our stately colonial dames, and her large, quaint old home and its picturesque surroundings only serve to make the picture more brilliant and fascinating. To say nothing of her unusual goodness we really need such leaven these days, for it seems to me there are few left. \* \* \*

G. B. S.

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BROOKLYN, *December* 19, 1898.

\* \* \* It did not seem to me possible that Mrs. Harris was seventy years old — she had such a young way with her, such a sympathetic and attractive manner. I always enjoyed being with her, as in her conversation and manner she was my ideal of a true lady. \* \* \*

E. S.

NICE, *December 25, 1898.*

\* \* \* I wish I could tell you of my loving sympathy as charmingly as Aunt Lucy would have put it, for she had always such a tender way of making one feel that one's grief was hers, or one's joys. She was always sympathetic and kind, and my heart is full of pleasant memories of her running all through my life. \* \* \*

P. H.

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ARGYLE, *December 22, 1898.*

MY DEAR MR. HARRIS. — \* \* \* The belief in the "unseen realities" must be true, because such lives as those of your wife and daughter, who, with simple faith, living the gospel life, prove thereby its power to beautify the soul and regenerate the world. In this "age of doubt," when truth is taking on new shapes and bewildered intellects scarce dare to hope that for which their souls long, such an unquestioning faith and such lives are indeed the light of the world.

Thinking of your wife's influence, so holy and inspiring, I can feel almost sure that in giving her up, her family will experience what Phillips Brooks calls "a resignation that is not despair but aspiration — a looser grasp on time that means strongly holding on to eternity." \* \* \*

K. L. S.

[From Rev. Dr. Stanton.]

KANSAS CITY, MO., *January 11, 1899.*

MY DEAR FRED. — \* \* \* Among Albanians your mother was the one with whom my acquaintance had been longest, most valued and agreeable. She always impressed me as such a full-orbed spirit; so strong and tender in her affections; so intelligent and energetic; so loyal and lovable; a natural social leader; of quiet but cheerfully acknowledged power; a delightful entertainer, so that of the old family home on Broadway we have such a treasure of pleasant memories; a steadfast friend. The very thought of her always gave me an impulse toward refinement, culture and nobility. \* \* \* The memory of the cordial spirit of your accomplished and admired mother always gave my heart a thrill. Be thankful she was spared so long, that you all could enjoy her counsel and affection so many years before meeting this irreparable loss.

In all my recollections of her nothing comes up which I would criticize. It always seemed as if every person who knew her must regard her with spontaneous and undisguised attachment, and as I try to picture her in the bright and beautiful state which shall be hers forever, I

find it impossible to imagine her spirit as specially different from what it was when first we met.

These bereavments that come upon us bring the other world so near. I confess there is nothing about the future more grateful to my heart than the thought that when a few more years have passed I am to be joined to the beloved ones who have been crowned with glory and dwell forever at the right hand of God. \* \* \*

Faithfully yours,

HORACE C. STANTON.

## ALBANY CRESCENDO CLUB.

ALBANY, *January 12th, 1899.*

DEAR MR. HARRIS. — At the last meeting of the Crescendo Club, a minute was adopted which we were asked to communicate to you.

The Crescendo Club wishes to express its sorrow at the loss of Mrs. Harris. She was one of its founders; for some time its president; always doing her full share musically, and always alert in every other way to the best interests of the Club.

Few members will be more missed, for she possessed that rare temperament which enters heart and soul into whatever it undertakes. Such people give life to all that they are a part of, and their inspiration, when gone, is greatly missed.

On the part of the Club, we wish to extend to you our sympathy in your great affliction.

HARRIET LANGDON PRUYN RICE.

LILIAN HORNESLEY BOTT.









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